

NOTE XIV. Page 403.

"HENDRICK had lived to this day with singular honor, and died fighting with a spirit not to be excelled. He was at this time from sixty to sixty-five years of age. His head was covered with white locks, and, what is uncommon among Indians, he was corpulent. Immediately before Colonel Williams began his march, he mounted a stage and harangued his people. He had a strong, masculine voice, and, it was thought, might be distinctly heard at the distance of half a mile; a fact, which, to my own view, has diffused a new degree of probability over Homer's representations of the effects produced by the speeches and shouts of his heroes. Lieutenant-Colonel Pomroy, who was present, and heard this effusion of Indian eloquence, told me, that, although he did not understand a word of the language, yet such was the animation of Hendrick, the fire of his eye, the force of his gesture, the strength of his emphasis, the apparent propriety of the inflexions of his voice, and the natural appearance of his whole manner, that himself was more deeply affected with this speech than with any other which he had ever heard. In the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, September 25, 1755, he is styled 'the famous Hendrick, a renowned Indian warrior among the Mohawks'; and it is said that his son, being told that his father was killed, giving the usual Indian groan upon such occasions, and suddenly putting his hand on his left breast, swore that his father was still alive in that place, and that there stood his son." Dwight's *Travels*.

NOTE XV. Page 410.

"Our answers, as well as his (Morris's) messages, were often tart, and sometimes indecently abusive; and, as he knew I wrote for the assembly, one might have imagined that when we met we could hardly avoid cutting throats. But he was so good-natured a man, that no personal difference between him and me was occasioned by the contest; and we often dined together. One afternoon, in the height of this public quarrel, we met in the street. 'Franklin,' said he, 'you must go home with me and spend the evening; I am to have some company you will like'; and, taking me by the arm, led me to his house. In gay conversation over our wine, after supper, he told us jokingly, that he much admired the idea of Sancho Panza, who, when it was proposed to give him a government, requested it might be a government of blacks; as then, if he could not agree with his people, he might sell them. One of his friends who sat next me said, 'Franklin, why do you continue to side with